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BETTY'S BUTLER

Price, 25 Cents



WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
BOSTON

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BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Betty's Butler

A Comedy in One Act

By
FRANCES HOMER SCHREINER

NOTE

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

1921

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Betty's Butler

CHARACTERS

BETTY BARTON, *a pretty vivacious society girl of twenty.*
JORDON, *the butler.*

MRS. ARTHUR BARTON, *Betty's mother.*

MRS. AMBER RUSSEL, *the mother of Betty's fiancé.*



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Betty's Butler

SCENE.—*The Barton library. A richly furnished room. There are French windows that lead to the garden back stage C. On L. of stage there is an old-fashioned fireplace. Down L. there is a door leading to the dining-room and kitchen. Down R. a door leading to the hall. In front of the fireplace there is a low divan. There is a tea table R. C. and there are chairs on either side. There is a tea wagon, C., with cups and saucers, cakes, etc. Down L. there is a small table with a telephone. The time is a May afternoon.*

(At rise BETTY is discovered seated on the arm of chair R. of tea table, while JORDON is arranging the tea table.)

BETTY. Jordon dear, why don't you tell me how pretty I look in my new tea gown! Don't you think the blue is becoming, especially when I wear these pink roses at my waist?

JORDON (*formally*). You are always most charming, Miss Barton!

BETTY (*rising and going to him, and stamping her foot impatiently*). I wish you wouldn't call me "Miss Barton"! I hate it! Jordon dear, won't you please call me "Betty" just once! (*She looks up at him pleadingly.*)

JORDON. I couldn't do that, Miss Barton, it wouldn't befit my position for me to call you "Betty."

BETTY. Oh, you do say it beautifully! Say it again—for me! I never liked my name until I heard you say it. It seems to hold so much more now.

JORDON. Have you ever been in Ireland, Miss Barton?

BETTY (*surprised*). Yes, when I was a little girl. But, Jordon, we weren't talking about Ireland!

JORDON. No, but I felt quite confident that the Blarney stone was responsible for many of the things you say.

BETTY (*laughing*). You horrid Jordon! You don't realize how lucky you are! I don't say the things I say to you to many people.

JORDON. I should hope not!

BETTY. You ought to hear the way I talk to Dickie!

JORDON. Yes, I accidentally overheard your conversation on the veranda the other morning, and actually, Miss Barton, I felt very sorry for your fiancé.

BETTY. Don't call him *my* fiancé, Jordon, he's the family's fiancé. They picked him. I didn't!

JORDON. Then for your family's sake, don't you think you ought to be a little more gentle with the poor chap?

BETTY. The family don't consider me. Why should I consider them? Ever since I was born Mother has been devoting her life to getting me the catch of the town for a husband. When I was a very little girl she had her mind all set for me to marry Jerry Moore. (*Crosses to window.*) Jerry and I were playmates. He lived in the estate next to us. His family were immensely wealthy! If Jerry had turned out to be as nice a man as he was a boy I would have walked down the aisle with him without even a push from Mother. But when Jerry was twelve his father died and his mother and he have been traveling all over the world ever since.

JORDON. And Jerry Moore never came back?

BETTY. Never. Mother cherished a hope that he would come some day, but two years ago we learned he and his mother had settled down to live in London. So Mother immediately decided on Dickie Russel as the next best husband for me. (*Disgusted.*) Dickie! Oh, as a man, Dickie would make a good sweet girl graduate! Why, Jordon, he can't even smoke a cigarette!

JORDON. A man could have worse faults than that, Miss Barton.

BETTY. Yes. Worse but not less exciting! I always fancied my husband as the kind of man who would

smoke one of those attractive romantic pipes before a roaring fire, on a windy wintry night, while I sat at his feet and read poetry to him. (*Crosses down to the fireplace, then turns abruptly to JORDON.*) Do you ever smoke a pipe, Jordon?

JORDON. Sometimes!

BETTY. I knew you did! You're a real man!

JORDON (*with finality*). I'm a butler, Miss Barton. (*There is a pause, during which BETTY sinks on the divan in front of the fireplace and JORDON crosses to the tea table.*) Weren't you going riding with Mr. Russel this afternoon?

BETTY. Oh, I've been!

JORDON. Been?

BETTY. Un-huh, gone and back! I didn't stay very long—only about twenty minutes.

JORDON. Mr. Russel must have been very disappointed.

BETTY (*laughing*). I suppose he was! Oh, it was too funny! You see, I just felt I couldn't stand Dickie this afternoon. He was wearing the awfulest looking hat that made him appear even sillier than ever; so when we started out I led the way down the Briar Road that leads to the crossroads. When we got to the crossroads I suggested that we have a race to the pike. I'd take one road and Dickie'd take the other. Dickie didn't like the idea of our parting, but I teased so sweetly that he agreed. I took the shortest road—the one that also turns off to that short cut home, and away I trotted Brownie back to his little stable!

JORDON. While the poor deluded Mr. Russel is still waiting for his lady at the pike. Taking all in all, Miss Barton, it really is a misfortune for a man to be your fiancé.

BETTY. Wouldn't you like to be my fiancé, Jordon?

(*She smiles up at him.*)

JORDON (*severely*). Don't you think it's unfair for you to ask me questions that are impossible for me to answer? (*He turns back to the tea table.*)

BETTY (*going to him*). I'm sorry, Jordon, I really didn't mean to tease you. You aren't angry, are you? You don't dislike me, do you?

JORDON. Certainly not, Miss Barton, you are always most considerate. (*He picks up teacup from tray.*)

BETTY. No, I'm not. You've got the wrong word! I've never been considerate of any one in my whole life, and I'm not going to be considerate of you now. Oh, don't pull in your oars and say, "I beg your pardon," or some other silly, formal, butlery expression, for I'm going to tell you the truth! Jordon, I can't keep it locked up in my heart any longer! I know you are my mother's butler, but I don't care, I'm going to tell you just the same. (*Her voice sinks to almost a whisper.*) Jordon, I—love you! (*JORDON drops the cup he holds to the floor.*)

(*The voices of MRS. BARTON and MRS. AMBER RUSSEL are heard off stage R.*)

MRS. BARTON (*off stage*). I feel sure Jordon has tea ready for us. You must stay, my dear.

JORDON. It's your mother. Would it be wise for her to find you here with me alone?

BETTY. No, I'll go to the kitchen and wait for you there. [*Exit, L.*]

(*Enter MRS. BARTON and MRS. RUSSEL.*)

MRS. BARTON. Ah, Jordon, you have tea all ready?

JORDON. Yes, Madam, quite ready.

(*He stoops to pick up the broken cup from the floor.*)

MRS. BARTON. Why! Have you broken one of the Sèvres teacups! Jordon, do be more careful. This tea set is most valuable.

JORDON. I'm sorry, Madam, it was an accident.

MRS. BARTON. See that it doesn't happen again.

JORDON. Yes, Madam. [*JORDON bows and exits L.*]

MRS. BARTON (*graciously, to MRS. RUSSEL*). Do sit down, my dear! Forgive me for scolding, but this tea

set was always a favorite of mine, and servants nowadays are so careless!

MRS. RUSSEL. That's a very handsome butler you have, Grace.

MRS. BARTON. Yes, Jordon is attractive. He reminds me of a hero out of a novel of Ethel Dell's, and he is most competent as a butler.

MRS. RUSSEL. But don't you think he's rather dangerous, Grace?

MRS. BARTON. Jordon—dangerous? (*Laughing.*) My goodness, whatever put that idea into your head? He wouldn't harm a flea and he's thoroughly honest.

MRS. RUSSEL. You misunderstood me. I was thinking of Betty!

MRS. BARTON (*puzzled*). Betty? But what has Betty to do with my butler?

MRS. RUSSEL. Nothing, I hope! But it does seem to me to be very risky.

MRS. BARTON (*about to understand*). You mean ——

MRS. RUSSEL. I simply mean that Betty is like any young romantic girl of her age who is easily infatuated with every good-looking man she meets.

MRS. BARTON. Perhaps. But not with a man so inferior as a butler.

MRS. RUSSEL. My dear, it's the inferiority of his position that would make his appeal all the stronger. Since the beginning of history it's been the same. Queens fell in love with their courtiers, Empresses with their slaves, Princesses with shepherd lads! The romance which fills such a situation alone is conducive. Why, it was only a year ago that Eloise Warberton, the prettiest débutante of the season, eloped with her father's chauffeur.

MRS. BARTON. So she did! And the terrific scandal it caused! But this case is quite different. Betty is engaged, and in love with your Dickie.

MRS. RUSSEL. No woman is ever so much in love with one man that all others escape her notice! Grace, it would be a shame for any foolish idea of Betty's to come between her and Dickie. Dickie is simply mad about her.

MRS. BARTON (*smiling*). Of course he is! The two

dear children were out riding together this afternoon! (*With decision.*) Perhaps you are right, my dear. I will discharge Jordon, even if he is the best butler I've ever had the good fortune to find. I'll give him his month's notice to-night.

MRS. RUSSEL. A month! A great deal can happen in a month! I should pay him his salary and let him go immediately.

MRS. BARTON. I'll let Arthur dismiss him this evening. I don't object to engaging servants, but I always let Arthur discharge them.

(*Enter JORDON, L.*)

MRS. RUSSEL (*hurriedly to change the subject*). As I was saying, Grace, Betty does seem absolutely suited to Dickie. By the way, I wonder if she has returned from her ride!

MRS. BARTON. Jordon, has Miss Barton come in?

JORDON. Yes, Madam.

MRS. BARTON. Go up-stairs and ask her to come down to tea! (JORDON *starts to door* L. MRS. BARTON *is annoyed*.) I asked you to call Miss Barton, Jordon.

JORDON. Yes, Madam, I'm going.

(*Starts again for door, L.*)

MRS. BARTON. But why go to the kitchen? Isn't my daughter up-stairs in her room?

JORDON (*confused*). I—I think so—that is, no, I believe not!

MRS. BARTON. Where is she?

JORDON. Well, a moment ago she was sitting on the kitchen table, Madam.

MRS. RUSSEL. Great heavens!

MRS. BARTON (*furious*). What was she doing on the kitchen table?

JORDON. Possibly she was planning dinner with Cook.

MRS. BARTON. Send her to me immediately!

[*Exit JORDON.*]

MRS. RUSSEL. Since when has Betty become do-

mestic? It's most disastrous when the imp of romance leads a woman into the kitchen; yet how many times it's been done!

(*Enter BETTY.*)

BETTY Afternoon, Mrs. Russel! Awfully glad to see you! Did you want me, Mother?

MRS. BARTON. What were you doing in the kitchen, Betty?

BETTY (*nonchalantly*). Oh, just chatting with Jordon!

MRS. BARTON. Since when has my daughter decided it's the proper thing for her to hold conversations with the butler?

BETTY (*to pacify her*). Now, Mother, don't be foolish! Why should you object to my talking to Jordon? He's very interesting—far more so than any other men I know. Really, it's surprising how clever servants are when you get to know them!

MRS. RUSSEL. And have you become acquainted with this person—Jordon?

BETTY. Oh, very well! Jordon and I are great friends! It happens that we have so many things in common.

MRS. BARTON (*furious*). Things in common? What do you mean by making a remark like that?

BETTY (*with a sparkle of mischief*). Aren't we both under your orders, Mother dear?

MRS. BARTON. Betty, I'm ashamed of you! Your impertinence is unbearable! (*Enter JORDON with teapot, which he carries to the table.*) You will be very sorry for this disgraceful attitude you have taken! (*JORDON is about to exit, L.*) Jordon, I have something to say to you!

JORDON (*turning to her*). Yes, Madam.

MRS. BARTON. You will have to go!

JORDON (*puzzled*). Go, Madam?

MRS. BARTON. Yes, leave my house immediately! You need not even wait to serve the dinner. I will pay you your next month's salary that is due you.

BETTY (*frightened, going to her mother*). Mother, you mustn't discharge Jordon! Please, Mother!

MRS. BARTON. What difference should it make to you if I decide to discharge one of my servants?

BETTY. I can't bear for you to send Jordon away! Oh, please, Mother, I'm sorry I annoyed you by talking with him, but if you'll only let him stay, I'll never even speak to him again! I promise I won't!

MRS. BARTON. You surprise me with this uncalled for outburst! My mind is completely made up and all your dramatic pleadings won't alter my decision. Jordon is going!

BETTY (*with fire*). Very well, then I'm going too!

MRS. BARTON (*rising to her feet*). Betty, you don't know what you're saying!

BETTY. I do! I can't bear this big lonely house without Jordon. I wake up in the morning just because I know I'll see him standing behind my chair at the breakfast table; his eyes smiling down at me!

MRS. BARTON. Betty!

BETTY. It's true, Mother! I go riding with Dickie; but all the while I'm thinking that I'll soon be home, and that Jordon will open the door for me! I put on my prettiest frocks for dinner, and spend hours before my mirror not because of you, or father, or Dickie, or any other distinguished guests that may be dining with us, but for—Jordon!

MRS. BARTON. You little fool, do you realize you are raving about a common butler!

BETTY. I only realize that he is the man who has taught me that life is not an ugly drab stretch of monotony, but an interesting existence sparkling here and there with little moments of happiness! And now you are trying to take him away from me! But you won't do it, for I'm going with him—I'm going!

MRS. BARTON. Betty, you are mad! Do you think that your father——

MRS. RUSSEL. Grace, don't blame Betty entirely! (*To JORDON.*) Jordon, do you think it was an honorable thing to do when you knew the trust Mr. and Mrs.

Barton had in you to deliberately make love to their daughter?

JORDON. Well, I—I ——

BETTY. Jordon isn't dishonorable! He never made love to me! I made love to him!

MRS. BARTON. Good Lord!

BETTY. He hasn't even asked me to go with him, but oh (*Her voice breaks.*), I can't stand it here alone! Jordon, you will take me with you, won't you?

(*She goes blindly to him and he takes her in his arms.*)

JORDON. I'd take you to the end of the world if you asked me to!

BETTY (*stops crying and looks up into his face with admiration*). Oh, John Barrymore himself couldn't have said that any better!

MRS. BARTON (*pleading*). Betty, my dear, won't you listen to me! This is utterly ridiculous! You can't go with this man! Think of the scandal it would cause; you couldn't stand that!

BETTY. I could stand anything except being away from him!

MRS. BARTON. But you're engaged to Dickie!

MRS. RUSSEL. Yes, think of poor Dickie!

BETTY. Why bring up unpleasant subjects at the most thrilling moment of my life!

JORDON. We can't waste any more time. I'm not to serve dinner, Betty, so we'll start in a few minutes. Hadn't you better get ready?

BETTY. Of course. I'll be ready in ten minutes!

(*She stands on her tiptoes and whispers in his ear, then starts to door, L.*)

MRS. BARTON (*frantically appealing to MRS. RUSSEL*). What shall I do? I can't let her do this horrible thing! What shall I do!

MRS. RUSSEL. Don't get excited, Grace! Call your husband and tell him to come immediately, and I'll go get Dickie! (*Starts to door, R.*)

BETTY. Don't bother about Dickie! He won't stop me! When I see him I'll run all the faster!

[BETTY *exits*, L., and MRS. RUSSEL *exits*, R.

MRS. BARTON (*going to the 'phone*, R. JORDON *quietly watches her*). Give me Pine 690. Hello! Mr. Barton, please. Yes. Hello, Arthur. This is Grace. You must come home immediately! What? I can't explain it to you over the 'phone; only get up here just as quickly as possible! You can make it in twenty minutes, can't you? Yes, I'm terribly worried! (*She puts down the 'phone and turns to JORDON, who is still watching her, appealing to him.*) Oh, you can't do this, Jordon; think what she means to me!

JORDON. Think what she means to me!

MRS. BARTON. I don't blame you for loving her. She is so sweet and dear, but if you really do love her you won't let her marry you! You aren't good enough for her, to put it very crudely! You make the measly salary of a butler; you couldn't even support her. All her life she's been pampered, petted and had everything money can buy. You aren't foolish enough to think for an instant that she'd be happy with you.

JORDON. You're right, Mrs. Barton, she has had everything money can buy and most women are satisfied with that, but thank God, not all of them are. Betty isn't!

MRS. BARTON. Perhaps not now, but this is just a romantic whim of hers. If you'd only go away she'd forget about you in a few days.

JORDON. She isn't going to forget me—ever! I'm not going to give her the opportunity. You have given her everything except romance, and that's what she craves most. You can't give her that. I can.

MRS. BARTON. I'm her mother! I have the right to show her the man that I know will lead her to the brightest future.

JORDON. A mother is a wonderful thing. A mother has the right to plan her daughter's future to an extent, to pick out her daughter's school, her frocks and her friends; but when it comes to picking her man, let her do her own choosing.



MRS. BARTON (*breaking down and weeping*). But the awful thought of my little girl marrying a butler!

(*She sinks into chair by table. There is a moment's pause.*)

JORDON. Please don't cry! I'm sorry to have hurt you, but if you promise to keep it a secret, I'll explain something that may relieve you. My name doesn't happen to be "Jordon," and I'm not a butler by trade!

MRS. BARTON (*looking up*). What! Then who are you?

JORDON. A certain chap by the name of Jerry Moore, who used to live on the neighboring estate and play "Cowboys and Indians" with Betty!

MRS. BARTON (*astounded*). Jerry Moore—you! It can't be possible! I thought Jerry Moore was in England!

JORDON. I was until six months ago. Then I decided to come back here for the simple reason that I longed to see my old playmate, longed to know her all over again. So I sailed, only to arrive and hear the disappointing news that she was engaged to be married to Dickie Russel! Of course I realized that with that barrier I never would have the opportunity to know little Betty again and my hopes took wing! Then I chanced to see your advertisement in the paper for a butler, and the voice of romance prompted me to apply for the position just to be near the ideal of my boyhood!

MRS. BARTON. How perfectly wonderful of you! It sounds like a novel! You—Jerry Moore! You dear, splendid boy! So this horrible nightmare has turned into the dream of my life! Wait—wait until I tell Betty!

(*She starts to door, L.*)

JORDON (*stopping her*). Betty isn't to know—yet. If she did it would spoil everything for her. She thinks she's eloping with the butler. If you were to tell her the truth, all the thrill of her glorious romance would be gone. Why disillusion her? Let's make this the happiest, most memorable experience of her life!

MRS. BARTON. What do you want me to do?

JORDON. Go any place, anywhere, and let Betty and me elope! (*He leads her to door, R.*)

MRS. BARTON (*smiling*). Very well, I'll go! Good luck, Jerry Moore! [*Exit.*]

(*After a moment BETTY peeps in door, L. Note that the following scene is played in suppressed tones, as if in fear of being heard.*)

BETTY. Jordon, is the coast clear?

(*She enters wearing a cape and hat and carrying a small traveling bag.*)

JORDON. Yes, fairly clear. Your mother has gone upstairs to find you! This may be our only chance. Hurry!

BETTY. Where are your things, Jordon?

JORDON. My suit-case is in the garden. Are you ready, dear?

(*He leads her to the French windows and opens them, letting the late afternoon sunshine fall in full radiance upon them.*)

BETTY. Quite ready!

JORDON. And are you happy?

BETTY. Happy! Why, I'm just the happiest girl in the whole wide world! All my life has been serene and uninteresting. I never imagined anything so wonderful and romantic would happen to me! It's just like a story. Think of it, I am eloping with the butler—my butler!

(*They exeunt together through the windows as curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN

OVER HERE

A Drama of American Patriotism in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Seven male and six female characters. Two easy scenes, a village square and a plain room; may be played on any stage or platform. A play designed to instil in the minds and hearts of the actors and the audience a deeper love for their country and a more thorough understanding of America's motives in entering a war to "make the world safe for democracy." While several very strong emotional rôles are introduced, the play, with careful rehearsing, may be made a big success even in the hands of the most inexperienced amateurs. Dan Monihan, jail-bird, water-rat, enemy of society, becomes the tool of certain German spies and brings an important package to Eckert, a wealthy miller at River Landing, Mo. The entrance of our country into the world struggle, the volunteers leaving for the cantonments and the teachings of the patriotic Miss Em Finch tend to change the character of Dan Monihan from a German spy to an American lad willing to die for his country. In an intensely dramatic scene in the third act Dan, taunted with being a traitor and a man without a country, turns on Eckert, and, in a frenzy of patriotic hysteria, tries to kill the arch-spy. The play has certain literary qualities that will appeal to all teachers, and its patriotism will electrify its audiences and keep them tense with emotion from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Royalty, \$10 for each performance.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

DAN MONIHAN.	CORPORAL SHANNON.
J. B. WHEEDON.	MISS EM FINCH.
JUDGE GARY.	MISS LORNIE DAVIS, <i>the milliner.</i>
COMRADE FERGUSON, <i>a veteran</i>	LIZZIE.
<i>of the Civil War.</i>	MRS. CRONIN.
TOMMY CRONIN.	CELIA BAKER.
FREDERICK J. ECKERT.	A CHILD.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The village square at River Landing, Mo. The day they heard the news.

ACT II.—Same scene as Act I. The day the boys marched away.

ACT III.—Sitting-room in Eckert's house. The night the spy came home.

STRONG MEDICINE

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Ernest L. Noon

Three male, three female characters. Costumes modern; scene, an interior. Plays an hour and a quarter. Royalty for amateurs, \$5.00 for each performance. If a young surgeon should propose to you in his operating apron just after an operation, you would probably refuse him anyhow just as Kitty Davidson did Dr. Gordon. Perhaps the method you chose to repair the blunder would work better than Davidson's did, but it might not be as funny. A very novel and amusing piece strongly recommended. All the parts evenly good.

Price, 25 cents

CAMP FIDELITY GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Edith Lowell

*Dramatized by permission from the well-known story by
Annie Hamilton Donnell*

One male, eleven females. Scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. A jolly party of girls occupy an old farmhouse for the summer and there discover a secret that makes for the happiness and prosperity of a poor little cripple. A very "human" piece full of brightness and cheer and with a great variety of good parts.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

BARBARA WETHERELL	}	<i>students at Hatton Hall School.</i>
JUDY WETHERELL, <i>her sister</i>		
JESSICA THAYER		
MARY SHEPHERD, <i>otherwise Plain Mary</i>		
EDNA HULL		
MRS. TUCKER, <i>a next-door neighbor.</i>		
JOHNNIE TUCKER, <i>known as Johnnie-Son.</i>		
BARNABY CAMPBELL, <i>a big child.</i>		
JENNIE BRETT, <i>a country girl.</i>		
COUSIN SALOME.		
AUNT ELIZABETH.		
UNCLE JEFF.		

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Room at Hatton Hall School.

Act II. *Scene I.* Camp Fidelity. Afternoon. *Scene II.* The next morning.

ACT III. *Scene I.* Same. Two weeks later. *Scene II.* Midnight.

ACT IV. *Scene I.* Same. Six weeks later. *Scene II.* A half hour later.

MARRYING MONEY

A Play in One Act

By Alice L. Tildesley

Four females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The girls seek a job with the millionaire's mother and one of them gets one for life with the millionaire. One eccentric character and three straight.

Price, 25 cents

THE OVER-ALLS CLUB

A Farce in One Act

By Helen Sherman Griffith

Ten females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The "Over-Alls Club" meets for the first time in its denim costume with enthusiasm for economy that only lasts until young Dr. Ellery is announced. Finishes in pretty gowns.

Price, 25 cents

Plays for Junior High Schools

	<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Price</i>
Sally Lunn	3	4	1 ½ hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 ½ "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1 ½ "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 ¼ "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 ¼ "	25c
Class Day	4	3	¾ "	25c
Chums	3	2	¾ "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	½ "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	¾ "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 ½ "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 ½ "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	¾ "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	½ "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	¾ "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	¾ "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 ½ "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 ¼ "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 ½ "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 ½ "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 ½ "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 ½ "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	½ "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	½ "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	¾ "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 ¼ "	25c
Local and Long Distance	1	6	½ "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	½ "	25c
An Outsider		7	½ "	25c
Oysters		6	½ "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	½ "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	½ "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	½ "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 ¾ "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9		1 ½ "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		¾ "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 ½ "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.



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Plays and Novelties That

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
Camp Fidelity Girls		11	2 1/2 hrs.	35c	None
Anita's Trial		11	2 "	35c	"
The Farmerette		7	2 "	35c	"
Behind the Scenes		12	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Camp Fire Girls		15	2 "	35c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The House in Laurel Lane		6	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Her First Assignment		10	1 "	25c	"
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spain		4	1/2 "	35c	\$5.00
Marrying Money		4	1/2 "	25c	None
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c	"
The Over-Alls Club		10	1/2 "	25c	"
Leave it to Polly		11	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor		7	1/2 "	25c	"
Miss Fearless & Co.		10	2 "	35c	"
A Modern Cinderella		16	1 1/2 "	35c	"
Theodore, Jr.		7	1/2 "	25c	"
Rebecca's Triumph		16	2 "	35c	"
Aboard a Slow Train in Missouri	8	14	2 1/2 "	35c	"
Twelve Old Maids		15	1 "	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8		1/4 "	25c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		1/2 "	25c	"
The Boy Scouts	20		2 "	35c	"
A Close Shave	6		1/2 "	25c	"
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c	"
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		3/4 "	25c	"
On the Quiet	12		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The People's Money	11		1 3/4 "	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
A Regular Scream	11		1 3/4 "	35c	"
Schmercase in School	9		1 "	25c	"
The Scoutmaster	10		2 "	35c	"
The Tramps' Convention	17		1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c	"
Wanted—a Pitcher	11		1/2 "	25c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14		2 "	25c	"
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1 1/4 "	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1 "	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1 "	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1 1/2 "	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number	2	"	35c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	3/4 "	25c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1 "	25c	"
Taking the Census in Bingville	14	8	1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2 "	35c	"
O'Keefe's Circuit	12	8	1 1/2 "	35c	"

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